

THE
F A T E 13
O F
J U L I A,
A N
E L E G I A C P O E M,
I N T W O C A N T O S,

SACRED to the MEMORY of
L—DY J—N D—G—S.

Non injussa cano.———VIRG.

E D I N B U R G H:
Printed in the Year M. DCC. LXIX.



DEDICATION

To her Grace MARGARET Duchess of DOUGLAS,
To his Grace CHARLES Duke of QUEENSBERRY,
To his Grace HOLLES Duke of NEWCASTLE,
To his Grace HUGH Duke of NORTHUMBERLAND,
To the Most Hon. WILLIAM Marquis of LOTHIAN,
To the Right Honourable the Lord CATHCART,
To the LORD HIGH CHANCELLOR,
To the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE,
To Sir JOHN WHITEFOORD, Baronet,
To Sir FLETCHER NORTON, Knight,
To Solicitor EDWARD THURLO,
To the LORD ADVOCATE,
To ARCHIBALD MURRAY, Esq; Chancellor of the Jury,
To Mr ILAY CAMPBELL, Advocate,
To JAMES BOSWELL, Esq;
To Mr CHARLES BROWN,
To Mr ALEXANDER M'CONNOCHIE,

And to all the ILLUSTRIOUS PROTECTORS of the sacred rights of mankind, this POEM, is with the most profound respect, inscribed by the AUTHOR, a very imperfect, though public testimony of that veneration and esteem which is so justly due from every Free Briton to the illustrious DEFENDERS of our invaluable British rights, which *are the foundation of all the envied blessings we enjoy in this land of Liberty.*

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

THESE stanzas have a manifest allusion to a great cause which has employed the public attention for some years past, at home and a broad. The character of this excellent but unfortunate Lady is sufficiently established by the express evidence of many who fill public stations with applause, and are as respectable as any in the present age for discernment and veracity.

THE circumstances here mentioned are not imaginary, although they are indeed introduced in a sort of poetical dress: They are real facts which cannot be disputed, and are all in proof, as every one may be convinced of who shall look into these manly and judicious compositions the the D—g—s Memorial and Case.

THE author pretends to no other merit than that of following a good cause, which possibly may, with the candid, apologize for the defects of an occasional poem.

BEING a humble imitator of some of the great masters in English poetry, he has not only made free with some of their noble sentiments, but has likewise followed them in that fanciful system, which they only, in the two last centuries, could introduce with propriety and beauty.

T H E
F A T E O F J U L I A.

An E L E G I A C P O E M, to the Memory of
L—DY J—N D—G—S.

C A N T O I.

Sunt lachrymae rerum.———VIRG.

TH E gaudy fun was sunk in ocean's stream,
And many a strife of mortal pride was o'er,
And folly vain that shuns bright reason's beam
When she with Hesper gilds eve's silent hour.

Hush'd was the breeze which curl'd the silver tide
Of stately winding FORTH, and hush'd the roar
Of dashing waves, that now with gentle glide,
And hollow murmurs, lull'd the peaceful shore.

No rude noise broke on contemplation's ear,
Save that the screaming sea-fowl urg'd their flight;
Save that o'er head the flapping vultures steer,
And from the spire loud wail'd the bird of night.

Save that with clam'rous phalanx thro' mid sky
The northern tribes their toilsome march explore;
Or by the moon with wildly pleasing cry
They pasture fervent o'er the wat'ry shore.

A

Sooth'd

Sooth'd with the scene, while orient Cynthia threw
 Her trembling beams o'er hill, and rural plain,
 I went with fun'ral dirge, and honours due,
 Mine annual task to JULIA's mournful fane.

To strew with flowrets fresh HER sacred bier,
 The year's first tribute to her virtues paid ;
 With pious grief to drop the silent tear,
 And sing soft rest to the departed shade.

Ye holy walls * ! beneath whose rev'rend pile,
 The mighty dead repose in narrow cell ;
 Beneath whose scutcheon'd arch, and fretted isle,
 Pale death, and grief, and solemn silence dwell :

Once more on nightly visit sad I come,
 To tune your echoes to my tale of wo :
 To rend your cypress boughs for JULIA's tomb,
 Your twining ivy where they useless grow.

And ye sad sisters, leave your silver spring,
 Ye nymphs ! who dwell by FORTHA's winding tide,
 Or flow'ry banks of TWEED, your succour bring,
 Or ye who haunt the pleasing dales of CLYDE.

Ye

* Abbey of Holyroodhouse, where many of the nobility of Scotland ly interred. The remains of this very excellent and unfortunate lady were buried here in the most private and indifferent manner.

Ye nicely fram'd with sympathy divine,
 Like pitying saints to melt at human wo !
 Come pour your saddest plaint at JULIA's shrine,
 Melodious sorrows that for virtue flow.

JULIA, the pride of SCOTLAND dames so bright,
 In whose fair form sojourn'd the noblest mind,
 In whose blue eyes enthron'd in peaceful light,
 The gentlest virtues smil'd on human kind,

Here shrouded lies ; and buried in her tomb,
 That awful beauty which the soul commands,
 That elegance which heightens female bloom,
 And dignity and grace by death's rude hands

Stol'n to the grave : On THEE calm rest shall wait,
 Much injur'd shade ! Sweet peace shall seal thine eyes ;
 For thou hast brav'd the storms of adverse fate,
 Hast seen affliction's direful forms arise.

Exil'd from grandeur's pomp SHE fled to dwell,
 With suff'ring virtue, in ignoble shade :
 Explor'd of cheerless want, the gloomy cell,
 And sad misfortune HER associate made.

Beneath oppression's rod SHE bow'd forlorn,
 And who can stem the dragon's torrent flood !
 At slander's blast SHE shrunk, so shrinks o'erborn,
 The flow'r of May by Boreas ruffian mood.

Yet

Yet beam'd HER virtue in this jarring sphere,
 Like CHARITY SHE sooth'd affliction's stound ;
 Like PITY gave the wretched many a tear ;
 Like PATIENCE FIRM SHE hid her rankling wound.

Each winning grace, truth, candor, wisdom rare,
 And worth, which modesty essay'd to hide,
 Here met with honour high, and virtue fair,
 That shone un sullied by forbidding pride.

Shone fairer trimm'd beneath the winter storm
 Of fortune, strong to quench each feeble light ;
 Shone with new spangl'd ore like Hesper's form,
 Bright sparkling on the raven brow of night.

O early lost ! When thy resplendent ray,
 Our Cynosure set never more to rise :
 O vainly hop'd through life's bewilder'd way
 To point the path ascending to the skies !

To tend thine OFFSPRING with a mother's eye,
 Through all the hardships of an adverse fate :
 To rear up dawning WORTH to virtues high
 Of *heroes, patriots*, ardent to be great.

Involv'd in envious clouds, HER summer sun
 E're noon-tide long was quench'd in cheerless gloom,
 The sad'ning years in heavy tenor run,
 Like frost untimely blasting nature's bloom.

Fortune

Fortune, that on her youth deceitful smil'd,
 With bitter mixture dash'd the cup of joy ;
 With cruel change the dream of state beguil'd,
 The plume of grandeur foil'd with sad annoy.

But oh ! What pangs HER blameless worth sustain'd,
 When loud tongu'd slander deaf'd a BROTHER's ear ;
 When ruthless villany their purpose gain'd,
 And falsehood vile depress'd HER fame so clear.

Then vice prevail'd, and virtue felt the wound
 Which sharpest pains ; SHE mourn'd for nought beside,
 What peace, joy, hope, or friendship faithless found,
 Or clamant want *, or mis'ry might betide.

Retiring from the world SHE breath'd HER plaint,
 Like some poor stricken deer that sad complains
 Of archer's galling shaft, and breathless faint,
 Sighs to the list'ning herd her piteous strains.

In foreign climes, SHE sought that kind relief,
 A thankless people to HER birth deny'd ;
 There shun'd the cruel scorn bestow'd on grief,
 By scoundrel ins'lence and low minded pride,

B

The

* Upon her marriage with Sir J—n St —t of Grand—l—y, a gentleman of honour and family, tho' no fortune, the D—ke of D—g—s was entirely alienated from his sister by interested designing friends. He stopp'd her annuity, abandon'd her to poverty and insults of every kind. This excellent woman must have sunk beneath a train of the most severe misfortunes, had not some noble friends interposed on occasions. Their humanity will ever reflect honour on the high stations which they fill in the state.

The rugged rocks would melt again to hear
The LOVELY MOURNER, with a mother's pain
Shed o'er HER smiling BOYS the helpless tear,
Then cry to HEAV'N that hears the just complain.

To HEAV'N that number'd with regardful eye,
A MOTHER's tears, a MOTHER's deep distress,
Stoop'd down with soothing comfort from on high,
Then just arose HER suff'rings to redress.

O vain! to think that wealth or grandeur's pride,
Or high descent should ward affliction's dart!
Virtue with these, with HEAV'N itself ally'd
Is doom'd to mourn, and oft with ling'ring smart.

Full oft the just have stemm'd the Gorgon flood
Of stern misfortune, and her scorpions felt;
The crush of poverty oppress'd the good,
And virtue groan'd beneath the scourge of guilt.

Patience here school'd on earth, thro' painful years,
Of sorrow sad has eat the bitter bread;
Felt many a pang which conscious virtue bears,
When vile oppression sinks her sacred head.

* Ah! little think the gay licentious throng,
Whose days in feast, whose nights in revel waste,
How virtue pines by famine and by wrong,
What bitter cup the good are doom'd to taste.

How

* These reflections, it must be confessed, are too long, but as they are intimately

How oft of wanton mirth the cruel scorn
 Insults the wretched, struggling with their fate :
 How modest worth, from all her comforts torn,
 In want neglected dies, while pride is gorg'd in state.

Ye impious madmen ! Deem not virtue vain !
 Nor with illib'ral insult spurn her dust ;
 Say not, the skies their darling child disdain,
 Tho' fate or vice by turns depress the just.

Heav'n frowns in love to hand up infant grace
 Thro' pleasures basking fair in summer's ray ;
 Repels their cup from her ethereal race,
 Withholds the world which haply might betray.

Heav'n frowns to curb the wing of soaring pride,
 To patience, temp'rance, and humility :
 Trains for the sphere where her bless'd choirs reside,
 More perfect from the taste of human misery.

Vice has her day ; ye golden moments shine !
 With transient gleam of earth's deceitful joy,
 Spread your gay plumes ! ere shades of death combine
 To drown the jocund harp with sounds of sad annoy.

Remember

timately connected with the subject of the poem, the candid reader may possibly admit them in the close of this Canto.

Remember son! the righteous *Patriarch cry'd,
 Heav'n bid unthank'd your prosp'rous fortune rise,
 While patience starv'd ; now drain'd the joyful tide,
 Lament thine evil day while virtue climbs the skies.

C A N T O II.

*Extinctam Nymphae crudeli funere Daphnen
 Flebant:————— VIRG. BUC. 5.*

THOU † Muse high seated on the sacred hill!
 With angel-tears augmenting pity's spring,
 Steep my rude reed in sorrow's sacred well,
 Your bitter grief into my numbers wring;

That I with meet response may rehearse
 A song of death, and dolor, to the sound
 Of sadly warbling lyres, and plain a verse
 Which ruthless men may read relenting round.

Ah! I will tell what nature shrinks to hear,
 A SISTER begging at a BROTHER's gate;
 With smiling BOYS, who well might charm the ear
 Of Russian stern, and soothe invidious hate.

To

* See Abraham's reply to the rich man, LUKE, chap. xvi.

† Address to the ingenious Mr Gray, author of these most elegant compositions in lyric poetry, and now professor of modern history in the university of Oxford.

To clear her truth from busy scandal's stain,
 To beg protection for her high born RACE,
 A BROTHER's cordial friendship to regain
 SHE sued, nor could have sued in vain for grace.

The BROTHER lov'd HER*, but the fawning tribe
 Of false friends coveting the CHILDRENS right,
 With malice, fraud, and outrage on their side,
 Deceiv'd HIM GOOD, and forc'd her from his sight.

No just man there to plead wrong'd nature's cause,
 But loud tongu'd slander with Cerberean mouth;
 Fierce champion ins'lence who defies the laws,
 Low vice, and envy with invenom'd tooth.

Mild LOVE, sweet PEACE, and all that bevy fair
 Of courteous AMITY, who went to wait
 When JULIA came, now fled the Stygian glare
 Of fiends usurping at the castle's gate.

C

Thrice

* The misfortunes of this most injur'd Lady were peculiarly severe. She was abandoned by her Brother who lov'd her tenderly, but was at last unhappily imposed upon by her most interested enemies. When, by the generous assistance of the Earl of M--t--n, she had got home with her children to Britain, her Husband was confined by his creditors three years in the prison of King's Bench:—She was, with her family, reduced to the condition of starving;—and at length resolved to cast herself on the mercy of the D--ke. When she came to D--g--s Castle, her enemies, ever watchful to frustrate any reconciliation, procured her express and determined exclusion. She passed that night, as the elegant writer of the memorial says, in the town of D--g--s. Overwhelm'd with the deepest affliction, she wrote to the D--ke in the most pathetic terms, but was on all sides repulsed; and there is all the reason in the world to believe, that her moving remonstrances never found their way thro' the obsequious train of these emissaries who so meanly engaged in proceedings, the most illiberal, inhumane, and oppressive, as ever could be traced in any period.

Thrice the fair DAME essay'd to force her way,
 Her BROTHER mourn'd in magic durance bound ;
 Thrice o'er the bridge they rush'd in hideous fray,
 The HEIR expelling from his RIGHTFUL GROUND.

To veil so black a deed thick darkness rose,
 And o'er the skies her sable mantle flung,
 While conscious guilt conspir'd to soothe her foes,
 Th' indignant world, with a deceitful tongue.

With ill dissembling art they gloss'd their tale,
 Branding the GUILTLESS with so foul a stain :
 With impious show of pity strove to wail,
 Nor shed the tears of crocodiles in vain.

O shame ! that vice should mask in virtue's guise,
 In freedom's land where right and wisdom reign :
 Evade strict justice with her hundred eyes,
 Oppress their kindred and insult the slain.

That av'rice and oppression, worst of crimes,
 To drain a NATION'S and her HEROES blood,
 Should cloud our glory in these best of times,
 And crush the helpless like a foaming flood.

That fond credulity should plead their cause,
 To nature, mercy, justice, conscience lost ;
 Revile their COUNTRY and insult her LAWS,
 Then self convicted of their madness, boast.

Ah

Ah! hold if ought of nature yet restrains,
 Nor spurn the sacred ashes of the DEAD;
 Cease calumny for shame thy spiteful strains,
 Discordant now, and hide thine impious head.

Ill fated PARENT! how the shafts of scorn
 Then pain'd, all nature bleeding in thy breast:
 No hope to blunt affliction's galling thorn,
 No hand of mercy to thine wounds addrest.

Ye conscious stars! which heard a MOTHER's pray'r,
 A wretched MOTHER o'er her children weep,
 Wearying the moon with tales of sad despair,
 Ye only can rehearse her sorrows deep.

How JULIA pin'd beneath unjust disdain,
 Patient of wrongs, which heav'n and earth defy'd,
 Like the fair musk rose which perfumes the plain,
 Tho' ruffian winds disdain her virgin pride.

Ah! When her younger HOPE in op'ning bloom,
 By pitying death who mourn'd the fatal blow,
 Drop'd like the tender bud, in sadning gloom
 SHE shrunk involv'd to nourish endless wo.

* Death stole with silent steps; thus have we seen
 A myrtle fair of half her branches shorn,
 Droop her wan head amid the forest green,
 Her pining boughs which late to heav'n were born:

And

* Every one has heard of the repulse which L—dy J—n sustain'd from her
 brother

And cruel fortune crush'd a fairer FLOW'R,
 Poi'sning her blossoms, while the cankerworm
 Of heart corroding grief, in baleful hour,
 Invading life consum'd her tender form.

By want, by grief, by ruder-hands oppress'd,
 Like the poor bird in cruel fowler's snare,
 JULIA long struggling pray'd in heav'n to rest,
 To chace this tempest with a morn so fair.

Short time SHE stay'd to soothe affliction's sound,
 The pangs of NATURE with the balm of GRACE :
 A broken heart beneath a SAVIOUR'S WOUND,
 Which comfort streams the weary to solace.

Pious

brother the D—ke : This pierc'd her very heart with anguish, and the death of her son Sholto which happened soon after, threw her into the deepest melancholy. — Two physicians, eminent in their profession, declared, as it is in proof, she was dying of a broken heart. She came to Edinburgh in a very languishing state of health, and, on being visited by some friends, expressed the exceeding concern she was under on account of her only child Archibald. Under the awful apprehensions of dissolution, she never forgot her son, even when on the most solemn preparation for another world, the anxiety and affliction of a mother was manifest to every person. Amongst many depositions, this one is remarkable, " That L—dy J—ne took the sacrament in the New Gray-friars church eleven days before her death ; and that every night after taking the sacrament, she took leave of her son in a very affectionate manner as a dying woman. She dy'd 22d November 1753, in the forenoon, in a most wretched apartment in the suburbs of Edinburgh, where she had lived for some time, destitute of the common necessities of life."

When she found her end was approaching, she made her son be brought to her, and laying her hand upon his head, admonish'd him, and recommended him to the protection of God in the most moving manner.

Pious SHE came beneath his cross to rest,
 Renounce the world, and wing HER soul for heav'n ;
 For friends, for foes, preferr'd HER last request,
 Forgiving all, SHE pray'd to be forgiv'n.

Then on the bed of death, and nigh the goal
 Of a rough race, SHE call'd her ONLY SON ;
 For this SHE staid, though mounting to the pole,
 To point the course HIS VIRTUE joy'd to run.

SHE stretch'd HER clay-cold hand ; HER SON with tears,
 Bedews that hand which HE must kiss no more :
 Then on HER couch depress'd with mournful fears,
 Sunk down his dying PARENT to deplore.

SHE call'd HER SON ; HE rais'd his mournful eyes,
 Swimming in grief, to catch her latest breath ;
 Clung to HER lips, while mix'd with broken sighs,
 SHE thus address'd HIM in the pangs of death.

“ Sweet PLEDGE ! relinquish'd in this world of woe,
 “ I leave THEE safe ON PROVIDENCE'S CARE ;
 “ Nor wealth, nor grandeur, I on THEE bestow,
 “ Tho' born both wealth, and grandeur high, to share.

“ The FATHER of the FATHERLESS shall guide
 “ THY steps to VIRTUE, and THY COUNTRY'S LOVE ;
 “ Humble the proud who may thy WORTH deride,
 “ Fire THEE to DEEDS which envy shall approve.

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D

Born

“ Born to be great, aspire to raise thy name ;
 “ The sword of DOUGLAS in the battle wield ;
 “ Tread in each KINDRED HERO’s steps to FAME,
 “ The pride of peace in war a nation’s shield.

 “ For this gay vice and empty pomp disdain,
 “ But deck thy mind with TRUTH and VIRTUE’s pride :
 “ Pow’r without worth, and high descent are vain,
 “ And pageant coronets the great deride.

 “ Woo virtue then, and gracious HEAV’N shall raise
 “ Some NOBLE MIND to bear THINE HEAD on high :
 “ To right the ORPHAN, while THY PROSP’ROUS DAYS
 “ Shall shine with GLORY, and these shadows fly.”

HER speech the chilly hand of death suppress’d,
 And smiling on HER SON SHE took HER flight,
 On angels wings, to mansions of the blest’d,
 To lave her grief’s sad wound in rivers of delight.

* *Much injur’d shade !* oh ! could this verse avail,
 I’d fill the world with thy too rigid fate,
 That brightest eyes should weep o’er thy sad tale,
 And fame to distant climes thy wrongs relate.

That

* That L——y J——n D——g——s, when a woman of such virtue and accomplishments, as an hundred evidences have sworn to, and is manifest from a noble series of letters, the very transcripts of her heart, (Memorial, page 302, &c.) that such an excellent person should be abandoned to her fate in a wretched apartment and without the necessaries of life, may appear not a little surprising to many ; but, it must be considered, she was of that turn of mind,

That all the GOOD and all the JUST should come,
 And all ye FAIR ! whose hearts in sorrow bleed,
 Sad pilgrims yearly to bedeck thy tomb
 With vernal flow'rs, and carols for the dead.

Then should the nymphs by FORTHA's banks so fair,
 Their lyres unto the voice attemp'ring sweet,
 With JULIA's story charm the list'ning air,
 The trembling air the plaintive strains repeat,

To the base cadence of the murm'ring deep,
 Whose waves according with soft warbling gales,
 Should charm sad echo down the rocky steep,
 Responding wild her notes thro' long with-drawing vales.

What though the muse these sacred tears in vain
 Shed o'er the grave, which holds thy silent urn :
 What tho' beyond the sphere, of grief and pain
 You taste no more, nor ever can return :

Yet

mind, that when her misfortunes increased, she grew more recluse, and court-
 ed retirement to give vent to her sorrow. These noblemen who had former-
 ly supplied her necessities, were strangers to her present distress ; others were
 at too great a distance to interpose. Her ever watchful enemies were only at-
 tentive to advance their concerns. She shut up herself in the suburbs, now
 brooding over the severity of her fate, now preparing to meet the stroke of
 death with fortitude and resignation. This, a few days after she had in the most
 devout manner received the communion, put a happy period to all her suffer-
 ings. The D—ke still imposed on by designing persons, directed she should
 be buried at his charge in the poorest manner in the Abbey of Holyrood-house.
 A few of his servants and others attended. Young D——g — s, who would not
 quit the corpse, and was privately dressed for to attend the funeral, was with
 the utmost barbarity dragged out of the coach and carried back into the
 house. The people beheld such proceedings with the most sensible abhorrence,
 and imprecated vengeance on the authors of her misery.

Yet may this simple verse bestrew thy bier,
 A tribute due to thy neglected SHADE,
 Who left the world with scarce one friendly tear
 Or hallow'd dirge or fun'ral honours paid.

No noble fair to mitigate thy grief
 With balm of friendship to the soul addressed :
 None of thy RACE to lend that last relief
 Which VIRTUE claims, when in the world depress'd.

No * HUSBAND there to catch thy latest breath,
 No BROTHER near to seal thy stiff'ning eyes,
 No arm to raise thee in the pangs of death,
 No KINDRED TRAIN to grace thine obsequies.

Nor birth, nor indigence, nor death could save
 Thy WORTH from envy; ruthless and unjust
 They grudg'd thy NOBLENES a decent grave,
 And spurn'd the ORPHAN from his MOTHER'S DUST.

What

* Sir J — n was then confined by his creditors in the rules of King's Bench : it was impossible he could then have been absent from one he so deservedly loved. A Reverend and worthy Clergyman, who had been long intimate with L — y J — n, writes thus to Sir J — n on the melancholy occasion : " You were," says he, " amongst the happiest of men, to be matched with such a one, not only for her quality, but qualifications : She excelled the most of her sex ; but as she's gone and shines no more in this world, good reason we have to hope, she has made a happy change, where all sorrow and sighing fly away. She bore her affliction with great patience and resignation to the holy disposing will of God. She had her noble spirit till near her very last." See D — — Memorial, page 15.

What tho' no pillar'd arch adorn the place
 With scutcheon'd state, nor sculptur'd marble weep;
 Thy humble cell each mournful muse shall grace,
 And tune their lyres unto thy sorrows deep.

What tho' vile sacrilege, with impious hand,
 Of all its honours robb'd thine injur'd shrine;
 The JUST shall honour THEE thro' all the land,
 Thy SPOTLESS FAME unfading garlands twine.

While staring ghosts and yelling furies stalk
 Where ruthless villany entombed lies;
 Good GENII here their nightly round shall walk,
 Fair INNOCENCE, and TRUTH, with radiant eyes.

Bright PEACE, with olive crown and ANGELS BLEST
 Shall guard the shrine where JULIA's relicts dwell;
 PITY a pilgrim sad shall beat HER breast,
 And fond *remembrance* ring thy solemn knell.

And every spring from grot and sylvan bow'rs
 The wood-*nymphs* fair shall deck thy grave around
 With snow-drop, primrose, and sweet smelling flow'rs,
 And bless with annual rites thy sacred ground.

Meanwhile, BLESS'D SAINT! who, far above the great,
 The smiles of grandeur, or the pangs of woe,
 Soars where the JUST array'd in HEAV'NLY STATE,
 See life a troubl'd sea where tempests blow;

E

Whither

Whither THOU journey'st with the rolling sphere,
 Or joins the QUIRE where heav'n's hosannas rise ;
 Or by the streams of joy reclin'st to hear
 Mysterious fate unravel'd in the skies ;

Look from thy SPHERE! tho' grief may ne'er annoy
 The radiant mansions of the bless'd above,
 Yet see thine OFFSPRING with a mother's joy,
 Such as in heav'n the sp'rits celestial prove.

* See HIM protected in his helpless state
 By BRITAIN'S PEERS ; the hand of PROVIDENCE
 Unroll the GOLDEN YEARS reserv'd in FATE,
 With PROSP'ROUS CHANGE, THY wrongs to recompense.

See

* To testify their gratitude to their noble and public spirited benefactors in a public manner, seems, in this enlightened age, to be peculiar to the British nation. Such a concurrence of great events to advance the glory and happiness of a free people under the best of Kings, to secure the public peace and prosperity, our invaluable birth-rights and property, was never known in any age. What warms our hearts with the noblest sentiments ; what smiles on every face with conscious joy and a becoming pride ; what now transports, it may be said, a whole nation with the most uncommon and universal satisfaction ; This great event, as glorious for the D——g — s, as fortunate for his Country, shall be engraven indelible on the memory of the British nation, and when these great men the patrons of justice and freedom shall sleep with their fathers, fame shall transfix their deeds in the annals of this age to posterity. Distant ages shall perpetuate the memorial of their wisdom and justice, of their attachment to truth and righteousness, of that sacred bond which no influence on earth, nor fraud, nor faction, nor power, nor violence, could ever unhinge,

* See THESE whom every palm and wreath adorn,
 The great RESTORERS of thy GODLIKE RACE,
 Whose PRAISE shall reach to ages yet unborn,
 Whose ACTS the annals of these times shall grace ;

Whose

* The very signal and early interposition of L---d C---c---t, now Ambassador at the Court of Ruf---a, the league formed in behalf of the D---g---s and the rights of mankind by the D---ch---s of D---g---s, the D---ke and D---ch---s of Q---b---y, the D---ke and D---ch---s of North---l---d, the M---q---s of L---th---n, the late E---r---l of M---rt---n, S---r J---n W---te---f---d, and many persons of rank, render their names famous to succeeding ages. The great stand which was made in behalf of a good cause in a superior C---t, every body knows, and reflects upon it with gladness. The grand appearances made there by the L---d High Ch---l---r, by the L---d Chief J---f---ce, the D---ke of New---c---le, the twelve J---s, and the British Peers in support of the rights of a great and loyal subject, have made that day ever memorable to latest times.

The praise of that noble and most generous L---dy, who first patronized the defence of the D---g---s is great, as it is most just, through all the nation. Under the Divine Providence, which conducts all things, she seems to have presided through all the steps of this memorable cause, to have planned and acted, and persevered as the grand moving spring of the whole. Superior to every obstacle, to the uncommon fatigue and anxiety which must have attended the investigation of truth in a cause so long depending, and carried on in different kingdoms, she has lived to see the cause of truth and nature triumphant, and reaps the harvest of all her labours ; her joy is equal to them, as Providence has crown'd all with success. But the D---ch---s of D---g---s needs none to sound her praise, her conduct speaks for itself, her actions are immortal, and reflect a lustre on the high rank and fortune she enjoys.

That memorable defence made by those learned S --- of the C --- of J ---, the laborious pleadings both of the English and Scots Council, particularly of Sir Fl---ch---r N---r---n, and the L---d Adv---te ; these elegant and manly writers, so much distinguished by their learned Appeals, the Memorial and Proof, the Case, the Essence, &c. the impartial decision of that ever celebrated jury, and their learned Chancellor Archibald M --- r --- y, Esq; who so nobly, in the beginning, laid a just foundation, which no attempts of fraud, of prejudice, and power could ever shake ; all these shall be upheld examples through succeeding ages, so long as freedom and property have existence, or the annals of justice are read and consulted, in Britain the sacred arbiter of right, the stable seat of inflexible law and liberty.

Whose WORTH each muse shall consecrate to fame,
 As sway'd by LAW and RIGHT they firmly pled
 The ORPHAN'S CAUSE, oppos'd fierce faction's flame,
 Nor stood consenting when their country bled.

See HER like one inspir'd controul the bold,
 For THEE a BROTHER'S CORDIAL LOVE regain ;
 Cancel what had thy wealthy BIRTH-RIGHT fold,
 And raise thine OFFSPRING to his just DOMAIN.

Hear THEM in SENATES plead thy RIGHTEOUS CAUSE ;
 Hear BRITAIN'S SENATE for THY SON decree :
 Hear a glad NATION shout their joint applause,
 And heav'n and earth combine to comfort THEE.

Then mount THOU flaming MINISTER of praise !
 And strike thine angel-lyre to heav'nly sounds ;
 And all ye SAINTS with meet response raise
 Your golden harps, while heav'n's wide arch resounds ;

How great and marv'lous beyond compare
 Thy WORKS and WAYS unerring SOURCE OF LOVE !
 Thy JUDGMENTS sure, let PROVIDENCE declare,
 And conscious earth proclaim to list'ning heav'n above.

F I N I S.

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